



Mrs. M. Parlow

30 Prince Arthur Ave

Toronto

Canada

Rosenfeld
South Mountain Road
Pittsfield Mass

1944

Sunday afternoon January 2nd
listening to the Philharmonic
just after having returned
from a walk around the airport
with Beth while Jaynie, up-
stairs in bed, is resting dur-
ing her current(and sole, we
hope) attack of measles, and
the twins are out of the way
skating, and Petie is doing
aesthetic dances here on the
living room floor, and Polkie
is waiting for her supper, which
Eva will soon(Polkie hopes)
descend from her attic room
to provide her.

My dear Mrs Parlow:

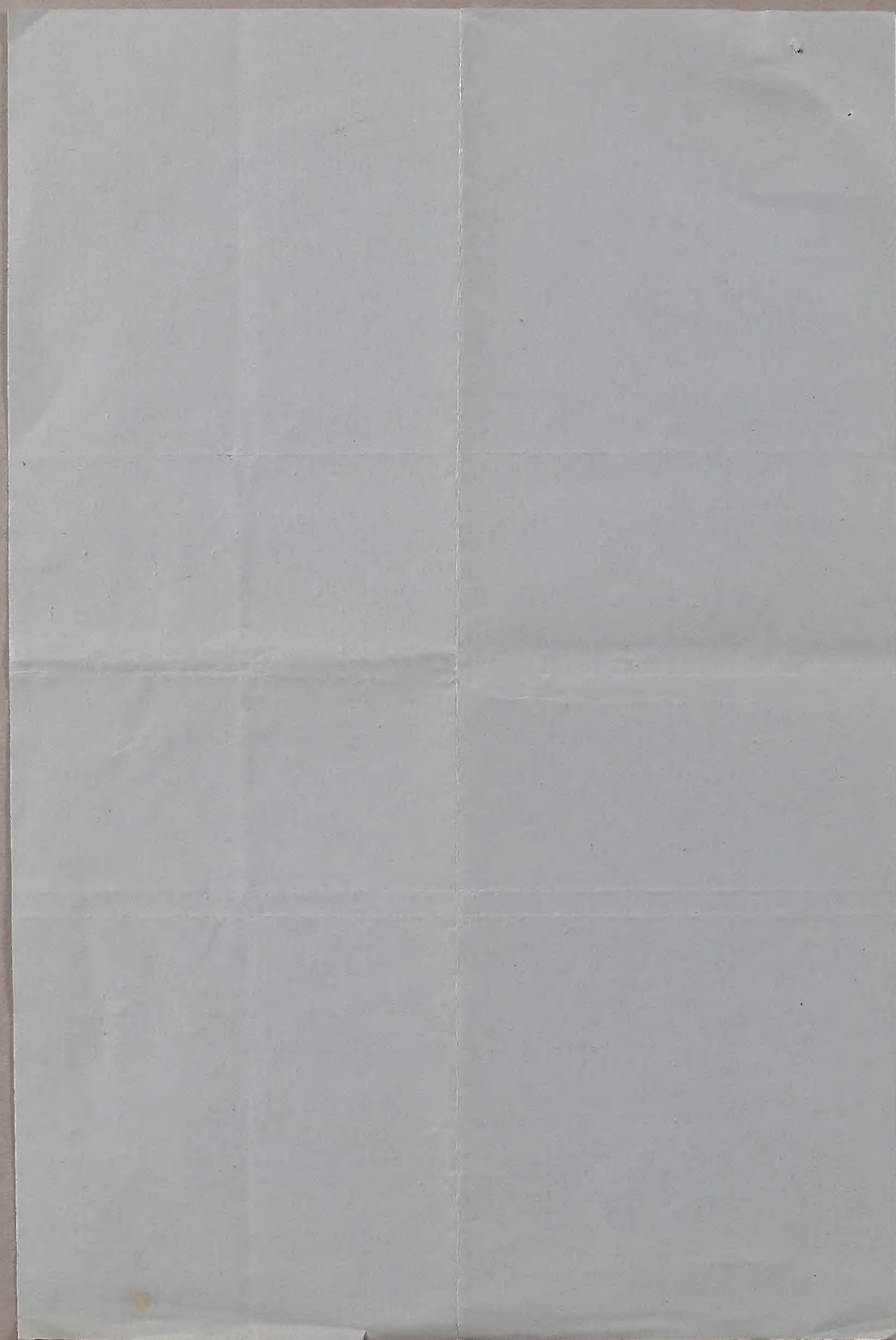
Your good newsy and
long letter made us all so happy
again. Only last night Don Coleman
was here, in company with a little
group, including Mary Jones et al,
and we all spoke of you with more
than a little nostalgia. Helen
Coleman was laid up with a slight
grippe. Two of the Coleman boys
are in service. Bob is in the navy,
now at San Francisco, doing well for himself, his father reports. The
other boy, Don, Jr., is married. He is a technical sergeant and has
a lovely wife. The wife would be just as lovely if he were not a
sergeant! The third boy will be leaving soon.

I really don't remember when I last wrote you, so that I can't
think where to start to tell what all has happened. Madame Coolidge
has given us twenty-one concerts, here in Pittsfield, this year.
She was not in a position to contribute to the S M Asse (!) but
found enough to send Kroll, Bendotzky, Dawson, Muriel Kerr and Frank
Sheridan for Brahms and Beethoven sonatas, trios and piano quartets;
Maxim Schapiro for six piano recitals, and, just finished, the Lon-
don quartet in all the Beethoven quartets, six nights from Decem ber
12th to the 19th.

You know, of course, of the two operations to which she submitted.
Berha, her secretary, told us about them. She must have been some pa-
tient. . . Gave orders in and while departing from the operating room.
She took a local anesthetic. She had planned to be here for Schapiro,
in October, and for the Londons. Great disappointment for her. We
saw quite a lot of them. Haileux doing the second fiddle, you know. He
told of squabbles with Brosa at Wisconsin, who wants to organize a
quartet and call it the "Pro Arte". Gunnar, it seems, is teaching
German at Wisconsin, . . !

I have a new fiddle, a J.B. Guadagnini, Parma 1751. Am very
happy with it. Also have the viola that Gladys North used to own.
A late German fiddle but sounds pretty well, even though it is not
very beautiful. I was in New York last week one evening for some
sextets etc with Helen Rice. Mrs Rice was a little indisposed, which
she so often is when Helen has a crowd in, so I did not see her, but
she has been well. The end of last October she celebrated her
70th birthday at Stockbridge. She had a an awfully nice evening.
Helen asked Mary Jones, Ruth McGregor(cello) and me and we prepared a
little program.

Beth is getting into the book you so kindly sent. I shall have
to read it later. I wish I might hear Kathleen, and/or the quartet.
Olga Samaroff was a guest on the Mountain last September of the
Williams. She had with her a couple of astounding pupils. One, William
Kapell, later played with Koussevitzky. They both gave recitals here, in
the Museum. Anastasia, the 'cello pupil of Willem, (remember ?) told
me via the pupils a few of the comments Willeke made to Samaroff about
me. They were dandies. But we got a lovely Christmas card from the
son-of-a-bitch. Don't let Kathleen read this. This type of language
is just between old friends. If this word is scratched out by the
censor, it was an eleven-letter word with three hyphens, and it was not



lily-of-the-valley.

Isn't the prospect of the this year we are now starting encouraging. In spite of all the problems, at least the future gives one hope and courage. How we pray for a quick termination, and a God-guided peace.

We had the Kitsons here one evening while the Londoners were in town. They have an especial affection for Primrose whom they got to know while Harvey Shapiro was cellist in his quartet. They, the Kitsons, are not too strong. They are really to be pitied. They put up a brave front but they suffer a great deal, each one, I am sure. And their situation is so difficult. No help. Their house not too warm, and worries enough to sink any mortal. And it is so hard to help them. They are so proud. They seemed to enjoy being out with someone, even us, they are really isolated.

Except for the present measles, we have been well, but as for happiness. Ah, there is something else. Beth doesn't understand me, I feel. She is really a difficult person to get along with. Unwilling to join in for any fun, has to be coaxed to go anywhere, urged to invite folks in for a bite, persuaded to accept invitations from others, influenced with persistence to run to New York for a show or two, positively threatened to choose a new frock, adamantly commanded to add to a conversation. If I were not a man of flexible adaptability, you know.... She bears up well, though, and looks swell, in spite of it all.

I know you'll pardon this typing, with all its errors. It is surely easier to read than my writing, and must not be construed to convey a whit less cordiality than we retain of the short few happy seasons you spent near us here.

We wish you better health for the coming year and send our fondest good wishes. Beth surely intends this to convey her warmest greetings to you and Kathleen along with mine. We love to hear from you, but realize your duties and activities, and are grateful for any moment you can find for a word.

Sincerely ,

Jay

